

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXIII.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1904.

NUMBER 50

Published every week.
\$1.00 a year, in advance

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

DAYS AND DOLLARS.

Tekla, who was seventeen years old, felt very important indeed, for a surprising thing had happened. It was only five days since she had been graduated from the high school, and here she was with a working knowledge of real estate business already at her finger tips—literally, because her business was principally concerned with the typewriting-machine in the office of Armstrong & Wolfe. The knowledge, perhaps, did not extend far beyond her finger-tips, because most of the letters she wrote at the dictation of her employers conveyed absolutely no meaning to her mind; but this did not trouble Tekla or anybody else.

Her copy was neat as well as accurate, and there was nothing about the completed letters to indicate that the typewriting young person was as innocent as the typewriter itself of the difference between the east half of lot fifty-seven and the northwest forty in Skandia township.

"You're wonderfully fortunate," said Geraldine Pense, who was four years older than Tekla. "I've always wished I could work for Armstrong & Wolfe—it's such a good place. How did you ever happen to get it?"

"Oh," returned Tekla, overlooking Geraldine's somewhat uncomplimentary emphasis, "Mr. Wolfe and father used to be friends. He knew I'd have to do something to help mother out, and so when Miss Dodd's sick father telegraphed for her to go East, Mr. Wolfe came to me. I'm to have thirty dollars a month."

Mr. Wolf, who was almost sixty but looked younger, was a large man, so well proportioned in every way that his great height did not impress one until he stood looking down upon some ordinary six-footer. His shoulders were broad, his hands and feet huge, his good-natured mouth was wide, his mild eyes stood wide apart.

Every one loved and respected him, and because of his kindly eyes, he had few enemies. No unfortunate person ever appealed to him in vain, yet in spite of his amiability, he was seldom imposed upon.

Tekla was conscious of no desire to impose on him; but she was young, it was summer time, often there were no letters to be answered, and she found idleness irksome.

The baseball match between the teams of her own town and of Ironwood was the beginning of her fall from grace. The office closed at four on Saturday afternoons and at half past five on other days, and work was supposed to begin at half past eight each morning. It seemed to the restless girl that two hours' playtime on Saturday afternoons ought not to make much difference to the firm, and she asked if she might be excused.

It is probable that she would not have enjoyed the game so well if she had suspected that Mr. Wolfe, whose large, blunt fingers did not lend themselves gracefully to typewriting, had been compelled to answer at considerable length and with much discomfort two important letters that had arrived in the 3 o'clock mail.

Mr. Armstrong, the other partner, had not learned to use a typewriter, and always had enough to do, besides, in his own special department.

The ball game, however, was only the opening wedge. Tekla was popular, and her friends and classmates were having a glorious time that summer.

At first, indeed, the girl stood out bravely, refusing all daytime amusements; but after first baseball game Tekla found it so easy to ask and to obtain leave of absence for part of Monday morning, all of Tuesday, afternoon, or every bit of Wednesday, that Mr. Armstrong, an irascible, wiry man, with nervous dyspepsia, feared Mr. Wolfe was in danger of being compelled to do all the typewriting.

One forenoon Mr. Armstrong observed Tekla, who had arrived three-quarters of an hour late, looking at her watch with more than her usual irritating frequency. When she was not occupied with this futile employment, she was casting impatient glances at a visitor who had, in her opinion, already stayed far too long. Mr. Armstrong knew

what her impatience portended. The door had barely closed behind the visitor before Tekla had taken the intruder's place beside Mr. Wolfe's big desk.

"O, Mr. Wolfe," she said, in her bright, pretty, pleading way, "should you mind very much if I were to go home a little earlier? It's most eleven, you know. I'm going to a party to-night, and I want to try on the new gown mother's making for me. It's just the prettiest dress—"

Mr. Wolfe glanced from the papers in his big hand to the office clock.

"This letter—" he began.

"Couldn't I do it the first thing this afternoon?" pleaded Tekla, eagerly. "You see, mother can't do a thing more to that waist until I've tried it on."

"Well if that's the case, I suppose—"

"Oh, thank you," cried Tekla, hurriedly darting away.

Mr. Armstrong, who had suffered in silence for six weeks, rose and slammed the door.

"That girl's the limit!" he snapped. "If I had my way, I'd fire her so quick she wouldn't know what had happened."

"In that case," said Mr. Wolfe, "she probably wouldn't realize why she was fired, and the experience wouldn't do her any good."

"It would do me good!" declared Mr. Armstrong. "She's utterly impossible."

"No," said Mr. Wolfe, "there's good stuff in that girl. It means something in this business where figures count for so much, to have a girl who is absolutely accurate—"

"And absolutely ignorant!" sneered Mr. Armstrong, whose love for the older partner made him quick to resent anything that seemed like imposition.

"Well," returned Mr. Wolfe, mildly, "as long as typewriting is all I expect of her, I don't mind that. So far, those quick little fingers of hers haven't made a mistake. Miss Dodd, as you know, got us into hot water about eighteen times last year by her inability to stick to straight copy. Yes, there's good stuff in that little girl, but she certainly lacks a realizing sense."

"Or any other kind of sense! She isn't giving you three solid days' work a week."

"She's giving me more," said Wolfe, smiling whimsically, and casting a rueful glance at his outspread fingers, as he sat down at Tekla's typewriter. "If they were not built so like sausages I would not mind, but it seems to me that I hit everything within six inches every time I aim for a key. Look at that! Figure 2 for 'A' every time. But bad as it is, it's more legible than my handwriting."

"Why don't you give the girl a good talking to, if she's worth taking pains with?"

"Well," confessed Mr. Wolfe, inserting a fresh sheet, and with one heavy forefinger laboriously ticking off the date, "to tell the truth, I have. I went around there one night about three weeks ago and talked to her like a grandfather. You know you can't be right down hard on a little light-hearted thing like that. Her mother doesn't seem much older than she is, and they certainly do need the money. I talked to them both. They—they seemed pleased."

"Humph!" exploded Mr. Armstrong, indignantly. "I'll talk to her."

"No, you won't," said Mr. Wolfe, resting his large, calm eyes for a long moment on his partner's perturbed countenance. "Talk just rolls off that girl like salad dressing from an iced tomato. Some sort of a kindergarten method might work better. I'm willing to take a little pains with her because of her father. Mighty nice chap was old Samuel Bliss. Now don't worry, Armstrong. She'll be trying to work thirteen hours a day, the way you do, before I'm done with her. I haven't quite figured the way out yet, but I think I see light."

Nothing on paper had ever looked quite so beautiful to Tekla as the check she had received at the end of her first month's sadly neglected work. The envelope, addressed to Miss Tekla Bliss, and placed on her table, had greeted her the morning she was so disgracefully late from oversleeping after Mildred

Hull's coming-out party. For three days afterward Tekla had experienced, at breakfast-time, something surprisingly like a sense of duty. It hurried her to the office and kept her there until closing time. But the glamour of the check and the unprecedented sense of duty flickered out together by the afternoon of the fourth day, when Tekla succumbed, at half-past two, to temptation in the form of a naphthalene picnic.

Mr. Armstrong noticed that his partner frequently paused in his work to lean back and regard Tekla with puzzled, almost remorseful eyes. Sometimes, while so engaged, he scribbled something in a little book that he carried in his waistcoat pocket. Toward the end of the month the puzzled expression departed, but the sorrow remained. Mr. Armstrong could see that although the kind-hearted old man had made up his mind to deal with Tekla, he was far from happy over the prospect. She continued to arrive late, to go home early, and to absent herself whenever she happened to feel like it.

"You do have an easy time in that office, don't you?" said Geraldine Pense, meeting Tekla one noon in holiday attire. "I don't dare ask for a day off once in six weeks."

"Oh, I am not afraid!" retorted Tekla, airily. "Mr. Wolfe is not the scolding kind. He says I am the neatest typewriter he's had—when I am there. Mr. Armstrong looks like a thunder-cloud all the time, but Mr. Wolfe lets me go any time I ask."

"But," asked Geraldine, curiously, "have not you any conscience in the matter?"

"Not a scrap," laughed Tekla. "I should think," said Geraldine, "that you would like to feel sure you were earning your salary."

"As long as I am getting it," returned Tekla, "I am satisfied."

Pay-day was approaching and Tekla was glad. Just before that important date Mr. Wolfe said, one morning, "Never mind Miss Bliss's check, Armstrong. I will attend to it myself."

It was the thirty-first of August, and for the first morning in two weeks Tekla was not late. After hanging up her hat, she turned expectantly toward her table; but no white envelope greeted her. A moment later Mr. Wolfe rose from his chair and laid a large, oddly lumpy envelope before her. As Tekla picked it up, Mr. Wolfe turned suddenly to his partner.

"Armstrong," said he, "you remember that appointment with Johnson at the bank?"

Thus considerably left alone, Tekla opened her large envelope. Inside were twenty-seven smaller envelopes, on the outside of each of which was printed "\$1.11. Please count immediately." Besides this, each small envelope bore a date, one for every day in August, the Sundays excepted. Tekla, wondering what this meant, opened one of the envelopes, spread the enclosed coin on her table, and counted.

"Why," exclaimed Tekla, "I must have made a mistake! I'm eighteen cents short."

But the second count brought no better result. Ninety-three cents was all the packet contained. Laying it aside for future consideration, Tekla opened the next tiny envelope. Something was wrong with that, too. It contained only seventy-eight cents. Three packets contained the full amount, one dollar and eleven cents. These, however, were offset by two others, holding respectively nineteen and fourteen cents, while a third enclosed absolutely nothing but a large Canadian penny. Tekla gasped, and looked at the date. It was August tenth.

"Now what," mused Tekla, beginning to see light, "was I doing on—Oh, yes, that was Elizabeth Buttorf's birthday. I telephoned Mr. Wolfe that I wouldn't be down because I was invited to help Elizabeth celebrate." Tekla, with a flush creeping into her cheeks, counted her money. It amounted to fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents. A slip of paper attached to the newest of the dollar bills caught her attention. She read the word: "An honest day deserves an honest dollar."

"An honest day—an honest

day," repeated Tekla, regarding with misty eyes the heap of silver and copper coin. "Does he mean that the other days weren't honest?"

An hour later, when Mr. Wolfe and Mr. Armstrong returned, Tekla's cheeks were red, her eyes were resolute, the machine was giving forth short, sharp, metallic clicks, and all round the industrious girl were neatly typewritten pages, for Tekla was doing an honest day's work.

She did not have a relapse to her old, easy-going habits. Nothing was said, but when pay-day came again, Tekla received two checks, Mr. Armstrong's for thirty dollars and Mr. Wolfe's for fourteen dollars and twenty-five cents. Choosing a moment when Mr. Armstrong was absent, Tekla laid the second check on Mr. Wolfe's desk.

"I didn't earn it," said she, briefly.

"Not last month, perhaps," said Mr. Wolfe, pushing the slip toward Tekla and smiling, "but you've more than made up for it since. Mr. Armstrong says you're worth two Miss Dodds. That's a good deal from Mr. Armstrong, you know."

"Oh, I'm glad!" breathed Tekla, fervently. "That's worth all the picnics I've missed."—*Youth's Companion.*

His Ears Were Opened.

[The following, taken from the *Christian Union Herald*, refers to Mr. William Friend's son, recently killed on the Railroad track at Braddock, Pa.]

Just about a score of years ago, a baby boy came to a home. When the father looked upon the little bundle of helplessness and then into the face of the mother, she lifted up her right hand and with a few motions of the fingers made known the thought which was in her mind. In an instant the hand of the father had answered, and the reply brought a smile to the face of the new mother. Her sufferings were past, and like mothers from that moment when Eve looked upon the face of the first-born, this one rejoiced because a man was born into the world. The new light, the mother joy, was in that face. When they brought the little thing and laid it in her arms her heart gave a great bound. This was her baby, her boy. The father bent over her again and they smiled at one another, then took turns looking at the little face. They were so happy in their new found joy. And in their own way they talked of the little life which they had received.

The days went by, but neither parent spoke to the other, nor to the babe. For you will understand that God had seen fit to keep from these people the sense of hearing, and gift of speech. No sound ever entered into their brains, and no words ever passed their lips. Nimble fingers and trained hands conveyed to mind and heart the emotions which swept the soul. One day the mother greeted the father as he came from work. She fancied she had made a discovery. He had both been searching for it, but she had found it first; so she thought. The baby was different from them. It could hear. How happy they were that night as they sat with the cradle between them, and told one another things they would never tell anyone else—how glad they were that the baby was like other children. There was no bitterness implied, but if you could have looked into their hearts you would have read there the untold story of their sense of loss. They heard not. The birds came with the flowers; they were voiceless as the flowers. The child playing upon the street made no more sound than the twinkling stars. In the church they had seen people open their lips, but they heard no music. The building might rock with melody, it was as silent as the voiceless void. But the baby could hear. They sat longer than usual that night and spun dreams of him, and the day when he would be a man.

But the wish was father to the thought. The baby did not hear. And one night the mother met the father again; but with a different face. When she had told her fears, and they had tested the babe, they put him down in his little cradle. If he cried they knew it not; for they sat, with eyes fixed upon the

coals, and watched them as they crumbled into ashes upon the hearth. Their golden dreams about a man walking in the palace of sound had fallen at the touch. One by one the coals died out. When the last one was black, and the room became chill, the mother took the babe, the father the lamp; and they went to their rest. After the mother thought the father was asleep she drew the little boy closer, and put one longer kiss upon his little face. He reached up his tiny hands and felt her face. She kissed them and cuddled him to her heart. The father wasn't asleep; but he didn't stir. His eyes were staring into blackness. The town clock struck midnight, then one, then two, then tired nature soothed the broken hearts and they slept till dawn.

The years passed. The baby grew. He was a bright, winsome boy. All loved him. One day he went with his father, and a man who could help them, before a court of God's house, and there the lad told, in his own way, the love of his soul for Jesus Christ. When the friend spelled back to him, and his father, that the men were satisfied that he believed, and would be pleased to enroll him among the people of God, the lips of both the dumb parted and they gave out a peculiar, low cry of joy. Tears were in their eyes and on their faces. Hand in hand they went out. The silent mother soon understood. And when her boy came near she pressed his hand, and with the free one spelled, "Oh, James, I am so glad!" And when the simple symbols of the world's Saviour came to them they lifted them, and ate and drank with joy. The deaf were hearing the voice of God.

One day the mother grew weary of a world of silence, and between watches slipped away to listen to the songs of angels, and of just men made perfect. And the blinds were drawn in the home upon the hillside. And husband and sons—for there were two—went softly lest they might wake her who had never stirred even when the thunder pealed. The ice lay upon the hillsides that day when her poor worn body was laid away. But those who put her to rest felt that her sweet spirit was walking with Him in lands dressed in everlasting green and through sweet fields beyond the flood.

The call of life led away from the grave; and with the passing of the days the silent ones became adjusted to the deeper silence caused by mother's absence. It was merely a question of degree, not something new.

Two years and a half slipped away. One morning the sun struggled to get through the fog bank, and finally confessed itself defeated. The young man arose to go to his work. His dinner pail was ready. He turned at the door and signed "good-bye." Down the hillside he went. Up to the edge of one of the world's great arteries of life and trade he came. There he paused. His sharp eyes peered into the fog. He saw nothing. He listened with his feet. He felt no jar. Then he dared the fog, and the track. But his eyes had mocked him, and his nerves had deceived him. Perhaps he saw, but it was too late. For in a moment the was in the air.

In a few minutes the train was slowing back. In a brief time a crowd was assembled. Men turned away from the sight. He lay so still. They turned him over. One said, "I know him. He is one of the mutes." He gave no movement. Not a muscle quivered. He was mute indeed.

He was taken to his father's home. Grief compelled again the inarticulate cry. They took him to where his mother lay. And as he was lowered the sun shot through the clouds and bathed the company of the silent ones. They were under the spell of the vision of the seer. They were looking into that city which lieth foursquare—the city without the deaf, for there all hear. And the man they saw no more heard, for it stars written:

"They bring to Him one that was deaf and had an impediment in his speech. And He took him aside from the multitude privately." And He touched him with His loving hand, "and He sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha; that is,

Be opened. And his ears were opened, and the bond of tongue was loosed, and he spoke plain." And he joined with the great hosts that praise Him, saying, "Alleluia, alleluia." And "he heard the harpers harping on their harps." And the mother found him with Jesus; and she said to him, "Now, you hear!" And Jesus, the helper of the deaf, called him by a new name which no man knoweth. But upon the memories of those who miss him he is yet called James Friend.

G. E. HAWES.

Newburgh, N. Y.

On the evening of Saturday, November 26th, Mr. C. Q. Mann gave a reading on the "Last Days of Pompeii," to a fair-sized audience of deaf mutes, at the parish rooms of the Church of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Wm. Terbush and his hearing wife have removed back to Danbury, Ct., for good, his patience having been exhausted at the constant slowness of work at the Carroll and Co., hat works, in Matteawan, N. Y. It would give him some relief, and do him a world of good, if he imitates the patience of Job. Patience and Perseverance hath their reward.

The first week in September, Dey Sullivan came hither on his way home to Haverstraw, from Silver Springs. He stopped at Newburgh to see if it is still old and hilly, and was the guest of his everlasting chum, Mr. C. D. Edmonston.

Mrs. Costigan, of Albany, mother of Mrs. Chas. Jondozkna, spent Thanksgiving Day and a couple of days with her, it being her first visit, and she is pleased to find her daughter comfortably settled in life. Mrs. Chas. Jondozkna expects to be at her mothers in Albany during the holidays, and is looking forward with pleasure at meeting her mute friends there.

An invitation from Miss Dorothy Wolfersteig and family, Miss Agnes Russell took a trip to Kingston, on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, and spent a very pleasant week with them. They took her sight-seeing in Rondout.

Mr. Henry Davitt, of Rondout, who is employed as a job printer in Anderson's office on East Strand, one Saturday took his two wards to Eddyville, to call on Miss Rachel Davis, but unfortunately she was in Kingston shopping.

Mr. C. D. Edmonston, and Misses Sarah and Ruth Edmonston, had their Thanksgiving dinner with their brother, Thomas and wife, in Kingston, and they made a brief call on Miss Wolfersteig and found Misses Dorothy Wolfersteig and Agnes Russell having a good hearty laugh over the wish bone of a turkey.

Mr. and Mrs. James Thorn, by their invitation, entertained a few of their mute friends at Pride Farm, Walden, Saturday, November 12th, and the guests on waking on the morning of Sunday, November 13th, saw a fierce snow storm raging and compared it to a terrible blizzard. They looked askance at each other and asked each other how it is that we are in Alaska or North Pole instead of at Pride Farm. The storm swept fiercely all around and did much damage, yet in spite of all they braved it and arrived home in Newburgh at an early hour in the evening, being no worse for it. Medals for bravery may be awaiting these following: Mrs. Julia Edmonston and son, David L., and Miss Mamie Callendar, and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jondozkna.

A well-dressed young man went in the shop of Sweet, Orr and Co., passing sound to the girls a card: "I am deaf and dumb, collecting money for a charitable purpose." It being against the rules to admit anyone during working hours, the Superintendent was notified and he spoke to that man saying if you don't quit in a hurry, the police will be telephoned for. He took to his heels in a hurry. Later, he went to the hat shop where Mr. J. H. Dobbs is employed, and lynx-eyed John made signs to him. He was embarrassed and quit in a hurry. Of course, he was an impostor.

Skating is splendid on the pond at Downing Park. Those that

drink in the winter air and indulge in the pleasure and excitement of skating are Mr. Thomas Orman, fancy skating, and Mr. David Edmonston. Misses Mamie Callendar and Agnes Russell. No fun for Midget and old "Mollie."

It is with regret we hear that Mr. James Thorne is on the sick list with a swollen face, and a sore finger, which is very painful.

Miss Hanatha Henry, in a letter to a friend, says she is still in the land of the living, and living on the sunny side.

Mr. J. H. Dobbs wants to know if Prince Henry, of Prospect Place, Brooklyn, still has in mind the dog and pistol incident which occurred on their way to Marlborough.

MOLLIE.

ATLANTA LOCALS.

Down here in the Sunny South we are having some beautiful weather. We have had no real cold weather to speak of so far this winter, and with the exception of an occasional slight drizzling rain—fore-runner of winter—nothing has marred our glorious Southern Autumn.

Everybody is as busy as a bee, getting ready for the Christmas holidays. Already signs of Christmas are on every side. All the show windows of the large retail stores in the business center of the city present a magnificent scene, especially when viewed at night under the glare of the hundreds of electric lights. The countless thousands of holiday presents on display bewilder one. I think there are more beautiful Christmas goods on sale this season than ever before. Any one with a limited amount of pocket money can purchase a great many little things suitable for presents.

We are all anticipating a merry Christmas here in Atlanta.

Mr. Will Gholston is preparing to visit his parents in Dayton, Tenn., during the holiday.

Our new League will hold Sabbath School on alternate Sundays at St. Philip's Cathedral. The trustees of the Cathedral have kindly allowed us the building free of expenses.

The services will be conducted by the various members of the League. President Brown conducted the services last Sunday.

Miss Ella Groom has been quite sick, but we are glad to report that she has recovered and is able to be out among us again.

Mr. Walter Christian entertained a few of his friends on last Thursday evening, at the home of his mother, Mrs. L. T. Christian, 19 Highland Ave. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brown and little daughter, Grace, Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Christian, Miss Ella Groom, Miss Dodd, Miss Sallie Sloan, Miss Annie Phillips, Miss Maggie Magill, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Nairum, Mr. Tom Jordan, Mr. Will Gholston, Mr. Howard McCord, Mr. Willie McFail and Mr. Walter Christian.

The evening, was very pleasantly spent in playing pit, flinch and various other games. About 10:30 refreshments were served and another hour was spent before the guests left for their homes.

On leaving the guests rose in a body and voted Mrs. Christian a most delightful hostess and one in entire sympathy with the mutes.

Miss Maggie Magill, after a residence of several years in New York City, has returned to Atlanta and is now pleasantly located with her mother and brother at the "Tallulah," on Washington Street.

Miss Anna Phillips is expecting her mother to spend Christmas with her in Atlanta.

Miss Melissa Phillips has moved to 491 Whitehall Street.

Our League is now arranging to give a public entertainment during the New Year. A small admission fee will be charged and proceeds to go into the League treasury.

Our League is a mutual aid Society. All worthy and deserving mutes of good character are entitled to its benefits.

Wishing for you and all your subscribers a Merry Christmas and a happy, prosperous New Year, and wishing a few of you could spend your Christmas down here in the Sunny South, the land of sunshine and flowers, I remain.

INCOGNITA.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00
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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

CONCERNING the use of the sign-language in the chapels of Institutions for the deaf, much has been lately said *pro* and *con*. The last number of the *Hawkeye*, published at the Iowa Institution reaches the climax in the discussion, by claiming to lead the way in the discontinuance of daily religious exercises in the chapel prior to the beginning of the classroom exercises. Here is what the *Hawkeye* has to say:—

"We think we have satisfactorily solved the question here in our school, of signs or no signs in chapel by doing away with the daily chapel service altogether and substituting appropriate, opening exercises in each school-room which are adapted to the class for which they are intended. The Sunday services are continued as heretofore and are given in that God-given language of the deaf—signs. In the school-rooms the exercises are given orally in the oral classes, spelled or signed in the manual classes, according to the judgment of the teacher. In this way we are sure to reach every pupil and do it in a way best adapted to his understanding; the relation between pupil and teacher is closer in the school-room than it is in the chapel, and these "heart to heart talks" are surer to sink deep into the minds of pupils. That is the way we look at it and experience has strengthened us in this opinion.

The "Iowa idea" as thus exemplified has other advantages of which the saving of time is not the least. In a large school like this, the time taken up in marching into the chapel and then out again is by no means inconsiderable, and the daily use of the chapel means extra work besides the extra expense for heating it. In his school-room the teacher has opportunity to speak on many things that would hardly be appropriate in the chapel and on matters that affect his class solely.

In a large chapel such as we find in all of our schools, it is a physical impossibility to read spelling, much less the motion of the lips, when one is seated in the back part of the room, a good distance from the platform. But this can readily be done by the pupil in the school room. We think, therefore, that we are in advance of the old time method."

While we do not dispute that the above outlines an advance on old-time procedure, we do dispute the claim that it is an "Iowa idea." At the New York Institution a similar departure was begun in 1893, and was chronicled in the "Fanwood" column of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, in the issue of September 21st, 1893. Moreover, the departure from the time-honored plan was severely criticised by many of the newspapers published in the interests of the deaf.

AWAY down South in the land of cotton, Mr. Thomas McCreery, a deaf-mute, has for twenty-six years conducted a newspaper and managed a job printing business. His paper, called the *Buckhannon Banner*, is the mouthpiece and public organ of the people of Buckhannon, West Va. It is a twenty-eight column newspaper, bright and newsworthy, and alive to all the doings that are of public import. It is favored with quite a lot of patronage in the way of advertising, and altogether betokens good judgment and clever management by its deaf-mute publisher. The JOURNAL wishes Mr. McCreery continued success and a plethora of prosperity.

To get an adequate conception of the stupendous problem of educating the masses, one has but to become acquainted with some statistics of New York City alone. On the opening day for Public Schools this Fall, the number of pupils on the rolls aggregated over six hundred thousand. As a rule, the Public Schools are modern buildings, fire-proof, and of the most approved kind. On Monday last, one of these new school buildings was formally opened. It is situated on the lower East side, and is the biggest school in the world. The number of pupils at this single school, which is No. 138, is 5,184, taught by 111 teachers.

ILLNESS of our Philadelphia correspondent accounts for the omission of his regular news letter. However, we have one piece of information that will please everybody, which is that the recent Fair in Aid of the Home for Aged Deaf-Mutes netted the sum of \$768.57. Nothing slow about Philadelphia when it comes to good work for a good cause!

SINCE the election of Douglas as Chief Executive of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, a great many deaf-mutes can say that they know how it feels to be in the Governor's shoes.

ST. LOUIS.

Gallaudet Day was celebrated as usual by the deaf with a literary program, arranged by the Gallaudet Union. A cold drizzling rain kept many at home, but some forty or fifty turned out in honor of the day. Selections were given by Misses Herdman, Roper, Molloy, and Henning, and Messrs. Cloud, Rodenberger, Jones, Hughes, and Steidemann, and an entertaining evening passed.

Rev. Mr. Cloud left on the 9th, for a short stay in Chicago, having been invited to speak at the Gallaudet Day exercises there.

At one of the bi-monthly competitions of the Beaux Art Architects Society of New York, under the Atelier system, the design submitted by Mr. Steidemann was fortunate enough to secure a "mention."

Mr. Pach, in the recent *Silent Worker*, in discussing the New Board of the National Association of the Deaf, seems under a slight misunderstanding. The Gallaudet man referred to was not the next higher, but the topmost of all; and he was not "ruled out because his State was already represented," but was elected in advance of the other and stepped out on his own accord to make place for a better man.

The writer also happened to see in an earlier issue a reference to the National Association for the Deaf's badges, which Mr. Pach intimates would have been better if Schindler had provided them. If this refers to the deaf badgemakers of Brooklyn, Mr. Pach would find, if he took the trouble, that Mr. Schindler had, through a local friend, submitted designs to one of the Local Committees, and that member of the Committee at once sent a letter forwarded to Mr. Schindler, containing suggestions of desired designs, quality of cloth, type, and general style of lettering, and asked him to submit samples and prices on that basis. This happened way back in July, and the Local Committee member gave up all hope of a reply long ago. It would be a good thing if a person found out all the facts of what he is writing about before having it published.

Mr. R. E. Maynard in the same paper also has something to say about the Convention. He feels aggrieved because the Local Committee did not furnish the editor of the official paper with free board and lodging during his stay in St. Louis. In the first place why in the name of common sense should R. E. Maynard butt-in? Why start a rumormongering what the parties directly concerned are silent? We have the official editor's own words that his stay in St. Louis was very enjoyable, and until he complains his friends need not worry how he was treated. And as for desk room Mr. Maynard was assuredly a stay-at-home, and never at St. Louis, or else he would have seen an ample table for that purpose in the Convention Hall lobby, which was, however, not used, as the official editor was kept on the jump all the time to see and record what was going on. In regard to the Local Committee feeling jubilant over the surplus left from their funds, I just want to ask what business is it of Mr. Maynard's? When one has nearly twelve hundred in cash, and with it has to cover over a dozen contracts ranging from over four hundred for the largest, down to five dollars for the smallest, it is a relief at the end of the week that there is enough to cover and to spare. It is an additional humorism

unrecorded by Mr. Maynard to see one rushing into print with what he has not the slightest concern.

At last the writer has the satisfaction of seeing in the recent *Deaf American* a reply, or what is intended to be, to his comments on that resolution, coming from its author, Mr. Veditz. It is indeed a far cry between August and November, but Mr. Veditz's amusement and interest in the comments of dissatisfaction seem to have caused him to forget that the first communication on this subject appeared over a month ago. Did it take all that time to prepare a reply?

When the writer gave his comments on that resolution, the main thing he asked was what made such a resolution necessary? He expected an early reply from one of the Committee, preferably the author. And now that the delayed reply comes, the question remains unanswered still. The writer did not ask for veiled insinuations against another person; he did not want Mr. Veditz's suppositions on the situation; he did not care to have any references to "a portion of the Local Committee," "official friends of the Local Committee," or other reflections, but what he wanted was a reply to the question, why did the Committee on Resolutions feel it necessary to have that resolution?

The whole resolution, as Mr. Veditz says, was the outcome of the controversy over the photographic concessions. As the writer mentioned before, that was definitely settled in advance of the Convention's meeting. The Local Committee acted on precedent, and was supported by the Executive Committee. What need then for the whole question to be dragged up again? Mr. Veditz says the resolution does not abrogate any of the functions of the Local Committee. Then what does this mean in the resolution, "The Local Committee shall not enter into contracts involving expenditures—not directly concerned with the reception or entertainment of members—without first submitting the bids for said contracts to the Chairman of the Executive Committee—for his approval, withholding of said approval being equivalent to rejection of such bids." What was the purpose of this? It places the photographic, advertisement, and other profitable concessions in the power of the Chairman of the Executive Committee, enabling him to bestow them on any whom he pleases.

The writer passes the reflection on his intelligence—since there are others, not St. Louisians, who think as he does, he is satisfied that his mind is all right. He also does not cast any slurs on the convention. It was well understood that the members were satisfied to put their confidence in the Committee on Resolutions, composed as it was of some of the best known deaf of the country. It would have been better for the dignity of the office Mr. Veditz holds, had he replied directly instead of casting reflections right and left.

If Mr. Veditz is sincere in his statement that no insult was intended, and that he wishes to work for the best interests of the Association, let him give an honest reply direct and to the point, why it was deemed necessary to resurrect a settled question, and for that alone have a resolution made with which the Committee itself was not unanimous; why, if it was written three weeks in advance of the Convention when there was ample time for all of the Committee to see it, was it handed in at the last moment without all having inspected it, and why in that ample time was it not shown to one or more of the Local Committees, and its author's intentions explained. The writer prefers an early reply, so as to have it settled as soon as possible.

S.

West Virginia.

On Sunday afternoon, December 11th, the Rev. O. J. Whildin administered the Holy Communion to ten deaf-mutes and also baptized Mr. U. S. G. Keener, in St. Matthew's Church, Wheeling, W. Va. The congregation was large despite the extremely cold weather. It was the first Communion Service in the sign language ever held in Wheeling. Rev. Mr. Whildin will hereafter have frequent such services.

There is a movement on foot to organize a Guild and Pastoral Aid Society among the members of St. Matthew's Mission. It will probably be known as St. Matthew's Deaf-Mutes' Guild.

Preparations are still progressing in the direction of the proposed new Church for the Deaf in Wheeling.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

DECEMBER, 1904.

18-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
2:00 P.M., St. Stephen's, Lynn.
4:15 P.M., St. Peter's, Beverly.

Christmas Day.

25-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston. Holy Communion.
4:00 P.M., New England Home, Allston.

Service every Friday at the New England Home, Allston, at 7:45 P.M.

S. STANLEY SEARING.

Dioecesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes,
504 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Big Chance For Winter Sport.

GALLAUDET HONORED.

Notes of Interest.

From our Regular Correspondent.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 10.—The Green is now enjoying a taste of real winter. There are five inches of snow on the ground, and a keen frost is in the air. This is the sort of weather to make one jump lively and feel himself "full of blue veins and vitriol," to use a homely down-east expression. If the snow will only hold over Sunday, we may hope for a few days of coasting on Patterson's Hill. The big double-runner will be dragged up out of the cellar store-room where it has been patiently biding its time, its runners will be scraped of rust, the king-pin greased, and a new rope put on, then let her go, Gallagher! Larsen's skeels will come down from the wall, and on them the more adventurous and aspiring will essay the exhilarating but uncertain "skilaufl," to the huge edification of all beholders. Truly, there are few things more weird and unexpected than the contortions of a beginner on the wooden runners. However, snow is soft and youth is tough, so no great damage is likely to result from the inevitable tumbles—save perhaps one's dignity. But we are going a bit too fast, for we have no warrant that the snow will hold. After all this anticipation it would be a pretty flat set-down if Sunday should bring a thaw. But let's hope it won't do any such thing.

This week, like most others, for some time has been rather uneventful. Boring for the coming examinations is going on, with increasing intensity and concentration as the fateful days draw nearer. May they pass without bringing a single condition!

Saturday, December 10th was the birth anniversary of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. Out of respect for the memory of this great benefactor of the deaf, flowers and green smilax were brought and wreathed about his picture in the chapel. That our President was touched and pleased by this little tribute of the students to his father's memory, was shown in a few words of graceful acknowledgment and appreciation, spoken in chapel on next day.

A highly successful and enjoyable dance was given Saturday evening. The men's dining-room was transformed for the nonce into a dance-hall. The old familiar decorative scheme was once more followed, as we presume it always will be—and indeed we have no great desire to see it changed. Those time-honored festoons of buff and blue, with the class flags scattered around on the walls and some potted palms grouped around the piano in the middle of room serve their purpose very well, and have the advantage of old association. Besides all this, it saves the committee lots of gray matter which might be consumed in thinking up something new. There were sixteen dances and two extras. Ice-cream and cake were served during the intermission. Every body had a good time, we guess, those who didn't dance, sporting themselves at the ping-pong table or at tiddie-winks and flinch.

Among those present from outside the Green were Miss Stout, '01, and Miss Rouse, of Baltimore, who were the guests of Miss Hall, '05; Miss Simon, of Mt. Airy, who came over from Brookland to attend the dance and visit her friend, Mrs. Gaw; Roy Stewart, '99, and Erickson, '03, of the grads, were also present.

The committee in charge of the arrangements worked very hard to make the affair a success, and is entitled to much credit. It was composed as follows: Otto C. Meunier, '05, Chairman; Charles L. Clark, '06, Harry T. Johnson, '07, and William Cooper, '08.

Miss Schmidt, who is closely identified with the work of deaf-mute education in Germany, and who attended the convention in St. Louis and read a paper there, will be here for a short visit on the first of the week.

The many friends of Dr. and Mrs. Hotchkiss will be grieved to learn that, on Saturday morning, Mrs. Hotchkiss' father died, at his home in Salem, Mass. It is supposed that his death is due to heart failure, but full particulars are wanting. Mrs. Hotchkiss, with her youngest daughter, left for Salem on Saturday in the storm. Had it been generally known, she would have carried with her the sympathy and commiseration of the student body, which is now felt. Her father was colonel of one of the Massachusetts regiments which fought in the Civil War. He was closely connected with the Massachusetts In-

stitute of Technology at the time when General Walker was at its head, but at the time of his death, was living quietly at his home in Salem. The graduates and the many friends of Dr. and Mrs. Hotchkiss unite with the students in the most sincere sympathy.

At a meeting of the *Buff and Blue* editorial board on Wednesday, Robert E. Binkley, '07, was chosen as Assistant Business Manager in place of Frank C. Horton, '07, resigned. It was also voted to follow the custom, which has existed heretofore, of collecting and printing in a small booklet the comments on the *Buff and Blue* which have appeared in the various exchanges during the past year.

The class of 1906 are sporting their new class pins. If you ask us, we must say we think they are very tasty, thank you! The pin is made in the form of a large gold "G." A band runs diagonally upward across the open space from left to right. This band is enameled in the class colors, green and white, surcharged with the class numerals in gold.

The horizontal bar uprights which were removed from the gymnasium last year, for the reason that they interfered with basket ball, have been set up again but in a new place, under the gallery. Those who clamored so over the removal of the bar last year may now put away their hammers and essay the "barber's curl" and "skinning the cat" to their hearts' delight, but at the imminent risk of cracking their sconces on the low ceiling.

We had turkey for dinner again on Thursday. Various hypotheses have been advanced to account for this phenomenon, but none of them are of a nature to stand critical examination. Fellows, it won't do to look a gift horse in the mouth. Eat and be thankful! It was interesting to note the various ways in which this innovation was received. When the sweet savor of the well-browned birds reached Hunter's nostrils, he faltered and had to be revived with a bucket of cold water. Meunier let out a Kentucky war-whoop. Brown looked wise and began to cut up the fowl. And so it went. If Mikesell, '06, had known beforehand that we were to have turkey, he would doubtless have repeated his performance of Thanksgiving Day when he went and camped out at the dining-room door, a full fifteen minutes before the dinner hour. Later arrivals found him comfortably seated on the threshold with an old newspaper interposed between his anatomy and the cold stone sill. This little detail evidences a cunningness and forethought which augur well for our friend's success in after life.

If one attempts to discuss his own affairs with Horton, '07, these days, he will coldly bid you "go seek a policeman. I have troubles of my own." The why and wherefore is this—mice. They ate his overcoat, gnawed his hats, feasted like Lucullus on his other habiliments. Our friends' wrath was a sight when he discovered the havoc which had been wrought. However, necessity is the mother of invention and fruition is its child. The Colorado buck has evolved, and is preparing to install a complex system of apparatus, whereof the central idea is this: A plank is to be fastened to or supported near the ceiling; to this plank are to be fixed a number of pulleys through which cords are to be reeved, brought over to a pin-race on the wall—for the present, the radiator will serve—and secured thereto. When completed, the inventor will run all his duds up to the ceiling and snap his fingers at the mice. When he goes out, he will select the proper cord and let down his overcoat, then knock his hat off a hook with an umbrella, then go his way, assured that he will find his things safe when he returns. Incidentally, traps are to be provided and the mice exterminated. The flat has gone forth!

E. ROWSE, '06.

CHURCH NOTICES.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT, DECEMBER 18TH.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.
St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 10:30 A.M.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M. Holy Communion.

Bible Class in St. Ann's Guild Room, 2:30 P.M.

"Christmas Stories and Legends" in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening, December 20th. Free with welcome to all.

Thirty-second Anniversary Service of The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes in St. Ann's Church, New York, on Sunday, December 18th, at 8 P.M. An oral sermon will be delivered, interpreted in signs by Dr. Chamberlain, who will also give a statement of the work of the Society. The deaf are earnestly requested to extend a cordial and urgent invitation to their hearing friends to attend this service.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

Mrs. George Davis, of Rochester, leaves on the 26th for Buffalo, where she will visit with relatives for a week. Mr. Davis will join her later. They return to Rochester January 2d.

VIRGINIA.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Dec. 10.—The kindly words in a recent editorial leader of the JOURNAL, relating to holding the National Convention in the South, could but be appreciated by a large number—not merely Mississippians and Virginians alone, but by others as well.

It is quite a while before the next convention is the order of the time, but were it next week I think the time-and-place committee of the Association would find the Southerners quite appreciative of the honor they conferred, and they may rest assured that the meeting held anywhere South of Mason and Dixon's line will be profitable as well as full of fun for all who may attend.

The invitation extended by President Ritter, through Rev. Mr. Whildin, at St. Louis, would appear to offer a number of advantages over others that may or will have been extended the National Association. Whether all the meetings are appointed to be held at the Jamestown Exposition, in Norfolk, Richmond, Washington, Baltimore or even here in old Alexandria, the reception part will be in keeping with the record of the past gatherings of representative bodies, especially so if our North Carolina, Tennessee, Maryland, and District of Columbia brethren and sisters take a hand in it with us.

Let the powers that be act early upon Editor Hodgson's suggestion, and if the sunny South is in it, we shall be mostly surely, we unsh'll do the rest.

In using the phrase "Sunny South," I fear that I have made a bad break, for we are having a spell of genuine Minnesota weather just now, and if we raised haws like "Ichabod Crane," I reckon we'd have to keep them in our sitting-room parlor awhile or go without the usual Christmas hog-killing time, and if we kept hen-roosts like Factotum Heinrich Grosse, we reckon in rescuing the fowls we'd break their legs off. A silvery crescent moon beams down upon a mantle of seven inch snow, white snow about us, as we write this, and Christmas bells have begun to ring.

The Southside and tidewater papers are now telling about the famous Rhea case again. The two Rhea boys are well known Norfolk mutes. Their people left them considerable property. One portion alone, valued at some \$60,000, has just been lost to them, through a decision of the Supreme Court, though the justices declared a great wrong had been done these people, but they are powerless to remedy it. The trustee of the estate blew out his brains at the old Hygeia Hotel at Old Point not very long ago. This recalls an incident of many years ago. An old Norfolk slave trader left a large piece of property to an illegitimate, mulatto mute son, and because of the poor fellow's helplessness, he was beaten out of every cent of the proceeds of the sales amounting to many thousands of dollars.

Among the long string of rushers for Thanksgiving wedding grants in Washington was Mr. Joseph H. Heeke, of Richmond, formerly of Rochester, N. Y. Joe had induced Miss Marie Coleman Hart, of Richmond, one of the most attractive girls at the Virginia school of some years ago, to have him and not grow old like ne in single blessedness. She was accompanied by her sister and a friend, and though her parents may have known something of their scheming none else did. They became guests of Mr. Souder and Mrs. Katie Painter Burton, at Hotel Burton, and were quietly married by a Baptist Clergyman just before the church bells began to ring for Thanksgiving services.

The happy party remained in Washington several days, returning to Richmond by way of Baltimore. It is said that Miss Eliza O'Callaghan and one of the Painter boys, not a mute, are to be quietly married on the 21st inst.

Late Thanksgiving, after returning from a trip ten miles out into Washington suburbs to learn something of the status of the case of John Colvin against the Kenilworth Public School patrons, I got a much mixed message headed "Honey Dew Thanky Day." It was by the old grapevine telegraph. Big crowd here, big turk, stuffing and cranberry sauce. Great mince and pumpkin pies, big pound cake and bowl of wine jelly, grapes, apples, bananas, oranges, figs, dates, raisins and nuts. Big ham didn't get done in time. Pat crowd out of kitchen and started Flinch Party. Kept up nearly all night. Big day for Mary Alice. Big expense to be footed by Ritter.

If they meant an invitation to the festivities it should have come before. Yet there was no pan-fish or shell-fish, no ice-cream or chocolate drops. I give them the puff all the same.

As to the Colvin's case. Colvin, who was long janitor of the College building at Kendall Green, is regarded by some people as being a colored man, and attempts have been made to transfer his three children from a white to a colored school in the suburbs of Washington. Colvin claims to be a white-man and that his children, number-

ing eleven, in each and every instance were of white parentage. He is not a man given to making trouble and never was. The matter is still undecided, the school board having repeatedly declined to transfer the children now at the Kenilworth school. Colvin is engaged at the Government Printing office. He will be recalled by large numbers of readers of the JOURNAL.

The mute colony in the neighborhood of Newport News continues to grow. Miss Lena Phelps, of Lynchburg is visiting relatives there. Miss Mary Barrow has returned after some months with relatives in Prince Edward. She assumes her old position in Meyer Bros.' Department Store, where there are several mutes employed. Mr. and Mrs. James Murden have moved over from Lambert's Point and have gone to housekeeping again. Miss Norton's eyesight has so greatly improved that she can now go about alone once again. It is sincerely hoped that this will continue.

Among the visitors at Hampton recently was Mrs. Lizzie Allen Capps, who has been residing in Princess Anne County for sometime past. She was the guest of her old schoolmate, Mrs. W. C. Ritter. Mrs. Ritter's health has greatly improved during the past few months, and now contemplates spending the holiday holidays amongst relatives in Richmond and Clarke County, in the upper Shenandoah valley.

Mr. Porrin Lee is considerably improved in health but does not contemplate returning to college. He is at present engaged in the *Phobus Sentinel*.

A little son of the Randolphs, in Norfolk, had his foot badly mashed while at play recently.

The little boy of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Tucker died recently.

J. Watt Allen, after working several months on the Pennsylvania & Southern Railroad improvements, near here, has gone home to spend awhile with his parents, in Franklin County.

The venerable Mr. H. A. Bear is visiting his daughters in Philadelphia. Young Henry, who has long been in the army in the Philippines, expects to return home shortly.

Rev. Mr. Whildin will begin a series of services in this State after Christmas.

During the summer, typhoid fever broke out in the Painter family, at Cedarville, in Warren County. Mrs. Cady Burton visiting home was taken ill, and brought back to Washington, lay in Garfield Hospital in a precarious way for weeks. She has almost entirely recovered. Her sister, Lillian, after lingering for two months, died, and Cameron, who took the disease and went to Norfolk, died in a hospital there, unknown to any but a brother and brother-in-law. On the papers mentioning his death a party of several deaf-mutes made preparations to attend the funeral, but this could only trace the body to Newport News, and there found that the poor boy had been buried many hours before. They placed their floral offerings on the newly made grave, Mrs. Ritter sending a few choice flowers plucked therefrom to his afflicted parents far up the State.

Mr. James Hollar is said to be back on the Virginia Valley, showing clip plane and saw again. Ohio climate and Ohio Yankees were not suitable to his tastes.

Mr. Lafayette Ogden is still a jack of all trades about Lunx. Some say he is going to become a benedict ere long.

Mr. George Duane has started to work in the Seaboard Air Line Shops in Portsmouth. He is a most excellent machinist.

Mr. Tiberous Fentress has bought a comfortable house at Lambert's Point and opened a boarding house, which has several deaf-mute patrons.

Miss Elizabeth Hooper, who was at Gallaudet College last year, is teaching in a private family for a while.

Clarence Dowell, formerly of Fancquier County, is now conducting a grocery store in Washington in his own name, and making an excellent living.

There have been a good many stories relating to the affliction of former Principal Doyle, of the Staunton School, who has held an honorable position amongst an appreciative people in this old County for some years. It is sincerely hoped that Captain Doyle will regain his health. There are few indeed whose hearts do not go out to him at this time.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Services for the Deaf, consisting of Sermon and Benediction, will be held at the Chapel, 135 Edward Street, Buffalo, N. Y., during the year, 1904-'05, on the following Sundays:

OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.
9	6	4	1	13
23	20	18	15	20

MAR.	APR.	MAY	JUNE
12	9	7	4
26	23	21	18

You are asked to show your Catholic faith by attending the Services regularly.

Sincerely yours,
REV. P. S. GILMORE.

NEW YORK.

Gallaudet's Birthday Fittingly Observed.

THE HOLLYWOOD BALL.

St. Joseph's Institution Has A Fire Scare.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

In conformity with what has become a custom with the Manhattan Literary Association—a custom which it began over thirty years ago—on Saturday, December 10th, under its auspices, the memory of the founder of deaf-mute education in America was honored and eulogized. The above date marked the 117th Anniversary of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, and the ceremonies attendant upon its observance were held in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, on 148th Street between Amsterdam and Broadway.

Mr. E. Souweine, President of the Manhattan Literary Association presided.

* After calling the assemblage to order, Mr. Souweine made a brief address, in which he reviewed the circumstances that led to Gallaudet's espousal of the educational rights of the deaf and dumb. He related several incidents to show the warm-hearted philanthropy of the first great benefactor of the deaf of America.

He then called for impromptu addresses from several of the deaf present, and the invitation was responded to by: Dr. Thomas F. Fox, Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, Prof. Wm. George Jones, Mr. John Henry Keiser, Mr. Arthur C. Bachrach, Mr. Theodore A. Froehlich.

Nearly two hours' was consumed in the speech-making, which was attentively listened to by a large and appreciative assemblage.

The Guild room was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting, tastefully arranged by the committee that has charge of the Fair which is to be held on the last three days of the present week.

At the head of the hall, just beneath a large National banner, was hung a portrait of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

The Hollywood Fraternity made its initial essay for Terpsichorean honors at Lyric Hall, Sixth Avenue and 42d Street, on Friday evening, December 9th, and the general verdict of those who attended is that it was a most enjoyable affair.

The attendance was not so large as had been anticipated, but every one present entered into the spirit of the occasion, and what was lacking in numbers was more than offset in gayety and good form.

The grand march began at a little before ten o'clock, and was led by Mr. George Renner and a hearing lady, followed by about sixty couples.

Twenty dances were gone through from beginning to end. The committees were as follows:—

Floor Committee.

ROBERT E. MAYNARD, Chairman.

Murray Campbell John H. Keiser

Alfred C. Stern William Lynch

William Renner Edward C. Elsworth

Reception Committee.

HENRY BEUERMANN, Chairman.

Chester Q. Mann Albert J. Hockstahl

C. T. Thompson Wm. W. Thomas

James Avenis.

The members of the Fraternity were nearly all attired in the regulation full dress, and wore on their coat lapels the colors of the organization, with sprigs of holly leaves and berries most tastefully attached.

The dance programs were handsomely printed, and the covers had a pretty design in holly, as also did those of the souvenir issued, its cover being a wreath of holly with the Hollywood emblem in blue in the center.

The officers and roster of the Hollywood Fraternity of Deaf-Mutes are:

Officers of the Fraternity.

President—Henry Beuermann.

Vice-President—William W. Thomas.

Secretary—William Renner.

Treasurer—Murray Campbell.

Executive Committee—Alfred C. Stern.

Executive Committee—John H. Keiser.

Executive Committee—A. J. Hockstahl.

Trustee—Robert E. Maynard.

Trustee—Henry Beuermann.

Trustee—Chester Q. Mann.

Charles T. Thompson William Lynch

Edward Elsworth James Avenis

The following is taken from the New York Herald, of Saturday last:—

With a fire raging in the basement and every light in the building extinguished, five hundred children, inmates of St. Joseph's Institute for Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, in East 188th Street, near Bathgate Avenue, each one carrying a lighted

taper, were marched out in perfect order yesterday afternoon in accordance with the regulation fire drill of the institution.

But for the prompt action of Lawrence McCabe, chief engineer, who, unmindful of the severe burns he had received as the result of an explosion, ran out and rang the chapel bell in alarm of fire, the old frame building might have been entirely destroyed.

As it was, within five minutes of the first peals of the bell every child was out of the building, and firemen, as well as reserves from the Tremont Avenue station, were on the scene putting out the blaze.

About half-past five yesterday afternoon the Sisters and inmates throughout the entire building were greatly startled by every light suddenly going out. This was followed by an explosion in the basement, the jar of which was felt by the deaf-mutes.

Rushing downstairs, McCabe found the place in flames. Before he could escape his clothing was ablaze. He managed to grope his way to the basement door, and, running outside, threw himself to the ground and rolled over and over in the snow.

His clothing partly burned off and suffering intense pain, he hurried to the chapel and rang the bell. This was a signal to the Sisters to get the children out and an alarm of fire as well as to the fire engine house.

As every light in the building was extinguished, it was with difficulty the children were assembled on the second floor. Perfect discipline prevailed, however, and as each child ran to her place in line a lighted candle or taper was given to her.

Adjoining the old frame structure is a new brick building, the two being connected by a covered bridge from the second stories. Across this bridge the children were marched in twos, and without even an expression of alarm on their faces.

Upstairs Miss Kate O'Connor, superintendent in charge, was lying ill from pneumonia. She was assisted to the new building by the Sisters.

The ringing of the bell attracted Sergeant McCue, of the Tremont Avenue station, who lives a few doors away from the Institution.

He rushed over to the place and was soon joined by the reserves of the station, headed by Captain Ferris. The blaze was confined to the basement and the damage will be only about \$200.

The Package Social given in St. Ann's Guild Room, on the evening of December 6th, was fairly well attended. Games served to enliven the evening, while here and there groups sat around in merry conversation. The packages brought were so numbered that when the time for distribution came the ladies were given packages brought by gentlemen, and vice versa. This manner of swapping presents caused much merriment, and the heartiest good will was evident on all sides.

Miss Alice Judge received the largest package of all, and believing it was wrapped up in a hundred sheets of paper proceeded cautiously to open. But, lo! the box contained what was once a beautiful plaster pug dog, and her chagrin was real upon finding it had been shattered into a hundred pieces during transport to the social. Refreshments were distributed at ten o'clock, and soon the party dispersed. The Committee consisted of Misses Miller, Kummer, E. Brewer and Messrs. W. Renner and E. E. Maynard, assisted by Mrs. Tobin and Miss Mary Brewer.

There was a party gotten up in honor of Miss Emma Schiff's aunt and cousin, Mrs. M. Fuld and Miss L. Fuld and a friend, Mrs. H. Schmidt, at her home in the Bronx, on Dec. 3d. They remained in New York seven weeks and have left for Philadelphia, Washington, and Chicago, and their home in Idaho. They expect to be home by the 15th instant. They were much pleased with deaf company, and especially the Lexington Avenue School. Among those who accompanied the popular ladies on December 6th, to see them off at the depot of the Baltimore and Ohio R. R., were Mr. D. Schiff, Misses G. Schiff, E. Schiff, Selda Seiter, of Brooklyn, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Weiler, Miss Hohenstein, Mr. Mammers and Mr. S. Buttenheim.

Mrs. Grace Sullivan writes that her husband, Luke Sullivan, did not die in Roosevelt Hospital. He was there for two weeks, and as the doctors did not seem to know what was wrong with him, he went home, where his death occurred. A post mortem examination revealed cancer of the liver.

Joseph Adelson, of Cleveland, is visiting friends in Elizabeth, N. J., and making trips in and around New York. He visited the Fawcett School last Friday. He is a graduate of the Columbus, O., Institution, and is a cloakmaker by trade.

The stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. McVea, on Friday afternoon, December 9th, and left a fine little boy, weighing thirteen pounds. Congratulations!

The father of Adolf Buhl died on the 25th of November, after a lingering illness.

The Anderson Club is still alive though not much is heard of it. The annual election for officers was held last month with the following result:—President, John Hahn; Vice-President, Emil Hoffman;

OHIO.

A Sample of Newspaper Inaccuracy.

DEAD AT EIGHTY-TWO.

Personal And Pertinent.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

It will be surprising news to Dr. E. M. Gallaudet and his friends to learn from the clipping below, published in last Sunday's Columbus Dispatch, that he is dead and that the deaf of Columbus are to honor his memory this evening, with a banquet. It is only another instance of how inaccurate the press of the country gives facts regarding the deaf.

TOASTS AT THIS BANQUET WILL BE DELIVERED IN THE SIGN LANGUAGE. A FEAST IN SILENCE.

The Deaf and Dumb association of Columbus is preparing for a banquet at the Park hotel next Saturday night, in honor of the memory of the late Dr. Edwin Miner Gallaudet, who for almost half a century was president of the college at Washington D. C., which bore his name, and who developed the sign language. Covers will be laid for fifty at this function. A list of toasts have been prepared which will be responded to in the sign language. It will be in a sense a silent banquet.

John Dundon, aged 82 years, and far over 50 years a citizen of Columbus, died suddenly while seated in an arm chair about five o'clock Thursday evening, at his home. Just a few minutes previous he had put on his overcoat and gone for a walk and had just returned. A daughter was at the telephone and when she turned to speak to him she noticed that his head had fallen back and that he was dead.

He leaves a wife and eight children. His oldest son, Thomas was formerly Police Commissioner and it was he who inaugurated the police telephone system of this city. Another son, James is Chief of detectives of Columbus. He was the father of Edward Dundon, who previous to his death some years ago, was famous as a mute ball player.

Two other deaf children living are Mrs. Samuel W. Corbett, of Bellaire, O., and Mrs. Joseph Neutzing of this city. The funeral services will be held Monday morning.

A company has been organized to build an electric road from this city to Cleveland. The question whether it shall run through New Albany or Central College is being considered by the Company. The Ohio Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf is situated at the latter place and at present to reach the point a two mile carriage ride is necessary. An all-rail route would be of great advantage to those having to go to the Home and at the same time more people would go up to visit it than now and thus make the place more prominent. Dr. Patterson, president of the Board of Managers this week sent a letter to the President and General Manager of the road laying before him the advantages of having his road pass through Central College and inviting him to visit the institution and have its prospects explained to him. Let us hope the company will take in Central College on its line.

Mr. Steel Garretson, of Fort Wayne, Ind., is now in Toledo. At present he is idle but expects after the holidays to secure work. The foundry in which he was employed has closed down until after the holidays. He will spend Christmas with Mrs. Garretson, at his old home, Lima. Should his job in Toledo be a steady one he will remove his family there. This will be to the liking of Mrs. George McGowan, who was a schoolmate of Mrs. Garretson, nee Rutter.

Mrs. Sophia Ann Haworth, was admitted into the Home for Aged, November 29th, Superintendent Byers, going down to Yellow Springs to bring her up. Since the death of her husband, a few years ago, she had been making her home with Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Stewart, of the above place. Mrs. Stewart is a sister of the late Miss Mary C. Bogle, who was a schoolmate of Mrs. Haworth, and had always taken a kindly interest in her, and after the death of Mrs. H. worth's husband, had secured a home for her with her sister.

Mrs. Haworth was born on the Isle of Guernsey, England, December 25, 1836. Her maiden name was Naftel. She is intelligent and refined and for one of her age, quite spry. Indeed, one would not suppose she was over fifty. She was very desirous to come to the Home, where there are several people whom she knew as pupils at the school here, where she was educated.

The Anderson Club is still alive though not much is heard of it. The annual election for officers was held last month with the following result:—President, John Hahn; Vice-President, Emil Hoffman;

Secretary, Joseph Creelman; Treasurer, Herman Elkins; Librarian, Louis Felix; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Serrago; Trustees, John H. Bov, and Willshire Oxley.

Mrs. Henry J. Swords come over from Springfield Sunday and called on several old friends.

Clonian Society's meeting this evening will have special reference to the day, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

Mrs. Mary J. Willing went over to Zanesville Saturday to visit relatives.

The mother of the Davis boys, John Horace and Horton died Tuesday following a three weeks' illness. She was buried yesterday afternoon.

There are five deaf people in the Athens Insane Hospital, two of them are sisters. It seems rather strange that this should be so.

Mr. E. R. Carrol is back in the Forest City, from Iowa and Nebraska.

President Flick, of the Alumni Association, has issued the following:—

CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR THE HOME.

The Season of Advent is on, and Christmas approaching with its associations of love and joy.

Those who contemplate making gifts to their dear ones during Christmas should not forget the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf of Ohio.

The Home is the property of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association, and undoubtedly many members and friends of this Association and the Home will make Christmas this year a most generous one for this worthy institution.

Anything that may be useful and conducive to the happiness of the inmates will be acceptable.

GEORGE F. FLICK, Pres. O. D. M. A. A.

A moving picture entertainment, under the charge of Messrs. McGregor and Grigsby, was given in the chapel of the Institution, last evening. The proceeds from it go to the Home.

Snow to the depth of three inches fell last night, and the youngsters, male and female, are accordingly happy this morning.

Dec. 10, '04 A. B. G.

BALTIMORE.

The Guild of the Grace Deaf-Mute Mission held its annual meeting, December 8th, at which there was an election of new officers. Mr. George Leitner succeeded to the 2d Vice-Presidency. Mr. Alfred Feast, 3d Vice-Presidency; Mr. Henry Gill was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer. Rev. Mr. Whildin and Mr. Flick will remain at their respective posts, President and Vice-President of the Guild. The gentle branch of this Guild, known as the Ladies' Aid Society, was launched into full being, with Mrs. O. J. Whildin as President; Miss Isabella Shipley, Vice-President; and Miss Mamie R. Siegler, Treasurer. This society has been in existence over a year, but never had done much, because of its limited scope of work. At this meeting, the Society assumed the character of a charitable Society, which will attend to the clothing, and helping of the needy, besides keeping the altar in good order with its decorations. It is hoped that much good will follow the work of this society. Circles of sewing will be formed as often as needed.

At the Baptist church, down Madison Street, in the hall of the Baltimore Deaf-mute Society, there will be an Oyster Supper and Barbecue, December 14th. Miss Anna Barry has the charge of the whole affair. The Society has braced up of late, by the reappearance of Miss Barry, who was away in St. Louis several months.

Andrew Leitch is now rooming at Hotel De Leitner, on Dolphin Street. Francis Magian is his patron saint. Recently he started a reformation in one of the organizations of the deaf-mutes in the city. The attempt to better conditions is nothing but to copy the plan of organization of Mr. Maginn, of Belfast, Ireland. To what extent his success was, the writer remains anxiously to know.

Rev. Mr. Whildin went to Wheeling W. Va., Friday evening, expecting to be present at the social gathering in his honor at Mrs. Zane's, Saturday evening, 10th. Sunday he celebrated, for the first time in that place, the Holy Communion. Monday, he was to be in Romney, the guest of the School for the Deaf. On the 16th, he will start on his trip down South, as far as Jacksonville, Fla., stopping at large cities on the way down and back, ministering to the deaf-mutes. At Atlanta, he will attend the consecration of the new Bishop of Cuba, Rev. Mr. Knight, on the 21st inst.

As usual, there will be a Christmas festival at the Grace Deaf-Mute Mission, December 29th. The Committee in charge of the arrangements promises a brilliant celebration. Santa Claus has promised to visit them.

Miss Aimee Rouse and Miss Belle Stout, of the School for Colored Blind and Deaf, were in Washington, Saturday, 10th. They were present at the dance at Gallaudet College, that evening.

Miss Sallie Gourley contemplates going to Washington, D. C., for a couple of days this week. She still lives at 1019 N. Broadway Street.

PHILIC.

Santa Claus will pay his next

visit to the M. E. Mission Thursday night, December 29th, with a load of good things for all of the members and others.

Mr. J. A. Branflick will go to Perryman, Harford Co., on Sunday, December 18th, and conduct services in the M. E. Church to the mutes living around Perryman.

Mr. Philip Gebb, of near Mt. Winans, met with a very painful accident in this city last week. He was on his way to a butcher with two hogs in a light wagon drawn by a spirited horse which took fright at an approaching train and began to run away with the driver pulling hard at the reins, which broke and Mr. Gebb sprang from the wagon and to the horse's back and slipped but clung to the animal's neck, who dashed furiously on. After running for a long distance the horse was stopped by some men and Mr. Gebb was rescued from his perilous position with many bruises and a sprained leg. Had he fallen under the horse while running he would undoubtedly have been killed. He is now getting along all right, but still limps about with the aid of a cane.

A baby—a girl—was born to Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Nicol last week.

Baltimore has a number of educated colored deaf-mutes, many of whom are in the habit of attending the services of the M. E. Mission, Sunday evenings, causing a good deal of complaint among some of the white members. All of this will be remedied by the First of the New Year, when a new Mission will be organized, especially for the colored mutes, and in a colored Methodist Church right in the centre of the city, with Rev. D. E. Moylan at its head.

It is said that Miss Vina Smith, Deaconess of the Chicago Mission, will be in Baltimore some time this month. We will be very glad to have her and help her along with her noble work.

W. Duvall who was confined to his home for the past three weeks nursing a severe cold, was at church for the first time yesterday since his recovery.

Dec. 12, '04 J. A. B.

CHICAGO.

Doings of the Ladies' Aid Society.

GALLAUDET DAY EXERCISES

Followed by Tableaux.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The monthly business meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society was held in the big church, last Wednesday at two o'clock P.M., their chapel being torn up for repairs and painting.

Mrs. Scott read a scripture lesson. Miss Vina Smith offered a prayer. Mrs. Dougherty recited "Throw out the Life Line." Miss Ruth Zollinger read the minutes of the last meeting.

Miss Smith cited several cases of sickness, and surprised the ladies by announcing the birth of the seventh baby of Mrs. Johnson, who has depended on the Society for years for aid, because her husband has been out of employment so often.

A Christmas tree was decided upon for December 23d, at 8 o'clock.

Mrs. Buchan, Mrs. Sonneborn and Mrs. F. C. Holton were gladly admitted into the Society. The Society has about 100 members.

Miss Smith read a letter from Mrs. Gus Hyman, thanking the Society for a bouquet of flowers, which she brought to her Mrs. Hyman was lying dangerously ill, for three weeks.

Mrs. Andrews offered a proposition to have the name of the Society changed to the "Relief Society of the Deaf," giving several reasons.

Mrs. Dougherty objected strongly, spelling: "United we stand; Divided we fall," and was followed by Mrs. Bowes and Mrs. Taylor and Miss Smith, who differed with Mrs. Andrews, by way of argument.

The ladies smothered Mrs. Andrews' motion with their votes.

Mrs. Bowes read the old but interesting story of Florence Nightingale, just before the meeting adjourned until January 4th, 1905.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Hyman were obliged to break up their house-keeping, by the advice of their doctor, last month, and moved out to a private hotel on North Side, and will keep very quiet for the present.

We celebrated the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Gallaudet last night, in a most happy and rousing way.

The club room was crowded almost to suffocation. Over forty guests had to stand in the rear for two hours, but we all enjoyed the interesting and instructive exercises.

Mr. Regensburg, the Chairman, made a short speech, after which the subjects selected by the chairman were read by the following ladies and gentlemen:

C. C. Codman.....The Deaf in Politics
Frank P. Gibson.....Insurance for the Deaf
Rev. Mann.....Laurent Clerc
Miss Frieda Heumann.....Higher Education for Women
Ernest Craig.....The Deaf of 100 years ago
G. T. Dougherty.....The Deaf of 100 years hence
Rev. Cloud.....The Home for Old Age and Infirm

If I had the time to describe the exercises fully, they would interest the reader very much.

Mr. Codman said that it was very well for us to honor Gallaudet, reminding us of the National annual holidays in America, which we all like to enjoy.

Mr. Gibson spoke well of Insurance, and advised us strongly to join the Fraternal Society of the Deaf, for reasons which he clearly explained, mentioning the Masonic Societies, Lodges and Leagues, etc.

Rev. Mann said that Laurent Clerc was a real sign dictionary, and that he had taught for fifty years. He asked us why we should not honor him as well as Gallaudet; Clerc having given up his dear home in France, to spread the sign-gospel in America. He said he asked himself, if Clerc had never been in this country what would have happened to us? Would we have been here to-night to talk by signs? Rev. Mann said he believed that Clerc was the first deaf-mute in the world, who received the degree of Master of Arts.

Miss Baumann said she was greatly rejoiced that she had been to Gallaudet College, because she acquired a greater knowledge of English language than she otherwise would and advocated fervently the advisability of girls going to college.

Dr. Dougherty said that in order to foretell what deaf-mutes would do in one hundred years, we should ask a fortune-teller. He asked if they would be wiser and honor Gallaudet more than now, and if girls would be prettier, and if sign would be more methodical than now. He finally asserted that married people would continue to quarrel in the same way one hundred years hence as now, and bowing, with a significant smile, sat down.

When Mr. Regensburg introduced Rev. Cloud, he remarked that Rev.

Cloud was the "Father of the Illinois Home," declaring he was the first man who suggested it and favored the immediate establishment of it.

Rev. Cloud said that a "Hayseed" went into the Fair, paying twenty five cents, after it was closed, but then when he learned that the Fair had been closed, he demanded the return of the twenty-five cents.

Rev. Cloud showed that the man did not read much, so that was the same with the Oralists; they talked, talked, and talked in school, for years, and when they left school they would discover that they know almost nothing of the outside world. Yet the Oral Advocates continue to blow their own trumpets in our ear.

Miss Baumann managed the tableaux entertainment successfully and pleasingly as follows:

1st Tableau—Miss Dunn, representing an undressed little deaf-mute girl, sitting with a perfectly blank face.

2d Tableau—Mr. Codman teaching the happy girl to spell "A."

3d Tableau—Miss Dees representing a young school graduate dressed in white with a bouquet of flowers on her bosom.

4th Tableau—Miss Nessel, representing a College graduate, dressed in black, with a black College cap and a large bouquet of red flowers in her hand.

5th Tableau—Miss Matteson representing the "Girl of the 20th Century," by talking all the time.

6th Tableau—Mr. Codman, representing Gallaudet awakening up to behold a procession of the players, rubbing his eyes in great bewilderment. He took compassion on the Girl of the 20th Century, but admired the College graduate greatly.

Mr. Regensburg asked those who had seen Gallaudet and Clerc to come forward. Mr. and Mrs. Bowes, Mr. and Mrs. Emery, John L. Gage and S. H. Howard stood up at the front.

Every one asked what Miss Matteson talked about; her voice was so mysterious, in fact she is still an unsolved puzzle to us. The Leaders of Pure Oralism had better reconsider their frantic and fanatic action.

Miss Fanny Stein, daughter of A. Stein expects to go to New York City, about January 1st, to visit her relatives and friends until next May. Her mother is very ill with La Grippe, and her uncle died recently, aged eighty-four.

Fred Sternwell, of Belvidere, Ill., is a guest of Robert Powers for a few days.

Rev. Hasenstab is on the road again, having left his home December 1st, and preaching at the same places as before, until Saturday night, December 24th.

The Ladies' Aid Society will give a Christmas tree in the chapel, Friday evening, 23d of December.

Bring your children and friends there to see a real Santa Claus distribute gifts among you all, with a great deal of pleasure.

SIDNEY H. HOWARD.

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FANWOOD.

The Eighth Mixed Grade Entertains.

BASKET BALL POPULAR.

Notes of Interest Picked up Here and There.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Saturday evening, December 10th, at half past seven the members of the Eighth Mixed Grade gave its programme before the Fanwood Literary Association, in the chapel. The class, composed of three girls and four boys rendered parts, with the addition of Miss Tanzas, who is a member of the Academic Class. The programme opened by a reading of "Mr. Watts, First Christmas in America," by Miss A. Muller, and this was in turn followed by three other readings of "A Brave Boy," by Miss E. Harrison, "The Pan Cake Woman," by Miss S. Reibstein, "The Glow Worm," by Mendel Rosenberg. Next followed a laughable dialogue entitled "Baseball," that raised roars of laughter from the audience. Different costumes were worn, and the various attitudes of the catcher, pitcher and outfielder were shown. Samuel McAllister stuffed with pillows as to make him tip the scales at two hundred, Anton Tanzas, whose pitches with an imaginary ball made the batter pale, and Alfred Barry who looked like a real "sport," were all on the platform wrangling over the question of fouls, strikes, base on balls, and every known term in the baseball encyclopedia. Our fat friend batted an imaginary ball (which was only air) sending it through the dome of heaven, while the infielders used telescopes in scanning the milky way, but all in vain. After considerable strife, peace was restored, and they departed after wishing the audience a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Miss Tanzas gave a poem entitled "The Gallaudet Monument" by Mrs. Mary Toles Peet, wife of Isaac Lewis Peet, our deceased Principal. The day of the meeting was the birthday of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, and it was thought more fitting to honor him by some fitting tribute. Dr. Fox, as President of the Association, took the stand, and commented upon the good work shown by the class in giving their various parts. He then called attention to the birthday of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, and gave an account of his life-work among the deaf. The name of Gallaudet manifests itself among the deaf in connection with St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, and Gallaudet College, at Washington, D. C. He urged us to honor and perpetuate the memory of the name Gallaudet, and those who have done so much for the welfare and uplifting of the deaf. He then motioned to adjourn, to which all responded, and the meeting was then declared adjourned.

The old Mansion House, now vacant, furnishes an interesting sight to those who know its past history. No more does the merry peal of laughter echo within its halls. The hurrying footsteps of children do not meet the familiar ear, and the old place is deserted for newer quarters. One whose childhood days were spent within that hallowed spot looks back to the fading vista of the past, and calls back to memory scenes of joy and sorrow. Yet in all its solitude, it looks as grand as ever.

Saturday last, a game of basketball was played in the gymnasium, and was both exciting and interesting from start to finish. A good-sized crowd of pupils were present, and helped root their favorite team to victory. The feature of the game was the passing of balls on part of the Invincibles team and goal throwing of McAllister. The game ended in the score of 34 to 21 in favor of Invincibles. The score is as follows:

INVISIBLE	Right Forward	CONQUERORS
McAllister	Right Forward	Travers
Nimmo	Left Forward	Griffith
Fancher	Center	Lux
Schatzkin	Right Guard	Henke
Lykes	Left Guard	Carley

Goals—McAllister 10, Lux 6, Nimmo 5, Fancher 2, Travers 2, Griffith 1, Henke 1. Foul goal—Travers 1. Umpire—V. Birck. Scorer—L. Robinson.

The heavy snowfall of the past week resulted in the removal of all the sleds from their places, and which were promptly put into use in coasting down the hill in the boys' yard. The inclined position of the hill makes the sleds go at express speed.

The foot ball season has long since closed, and basket ball is now coming to the front. The foot ball has been snugly tucked away to wake one year hence, and basket ball is now being enjoyed by all.

Mr. William Wade was a guest at the Institution on Friday and Saturday of last week. He was much interested in the account of the deaf-blind girls' visit to the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind at Overbrook, and to the

Pennsylvania School for the Deaf at Mt. Airy.

Miss Barrager is much interested in music at this time. She is studying the Double Headed Eagle March. To any inquiry thereon, she responds most eloquently in her own inimitable style.

Much interest was manifested by the pupils in the recent six-day bicycle race at Madison Square Garden. Mr. Emil Mehl, tutor of the boys, was a spectator there on the closing day, Saturday evening last.

Mr. Frank Adams, night supervisor of the boys, has resigned, and is back again at the Hotel Savoy. Mr. Henry Morris has been appointed to fill his place.

Prof. W. G. Jones gave Tennyson's famous masterpiece, "Enoch Arden," in the chapel on Sunday evening last. It was so touching that tears were shed by the sympathizing audience.

The girls are eagerly anticipating a shopping tour, in company of Miss Judge and Miss Craig, to the leading department stores of New York for Christmas gifts.

Mrs. Mary E. Unkart Foster died during the past summer. Mrs. Foster taught for three years in the New York Institution at Washington Heights, one year in a private school, one year at the Mystic Oral School, and two years at the Malone school, giving up her work to be married in June, 1903. A sister writes: "Her work was almost always with the kindergarten children, and I should judge she had been very successful."—*Association Review.*

S. C.

DEATH OF MRS. CARRIE J. MORLEY.

With deep regret, we announce the sad news of the sudden departure of Mrs. Carrie J. Morley, wife of Paul S. Morley, after a severe illness of about three weeks. Typhoid pneumonia caused her death.

On November 17th, she complained of being not well, and the doctor was sent for to attend to her sickness for the first week. He thought it necessary to have her taken to the Mahoning Valley Hospital, where she had recovered from a severe illness, but instead of getting better she changed quickly and got worse until she breathed her last at 11:45 A.M., Saturday, December 3, 1904.

Over an hour before the end relieved her of suffering, Rev. A. L. Frazer, her husband, and children and his mother, Mrs. J. P. Morley, were summoned immediately to watch her. At that time he gave them divine aid for prayer for her rest of soul. Just before her decease a telegram message was transmitted to her father, Wm. L. Hyde, and one brother, Barney A. Hyde, all of New York State, to have them come at once, and they came direct to Youngstown Sunday night.

Early Saturday afternoon, December 3d, the body was taken to Undertaker Shriver's morgue to be prepared for burial, and later was removed to the residence of Mrs. J. P. Morley, 908 Hillman Street, where the funeral was held Monday afternoon at three o'clock, standard time, while Rev. Frazer conducted services. The costly black casket lid was strewn with a variety of carnations, chrysanthemums, white lily of the valley, etc., given by the Carpenter's Union, the Women's Union Labor League, two brothers of Paul, relatives and deaf friends. Among the deaf-mutes present were Mr. and Mrs. A. Lepley, of Niles, O., Mr. and Mrs. Jas. N. Gilmore and Miss Carrie Brainard, of Warren, O., Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smith, of Cornersburg, O., and their daughter, Mrs. Baldwin, of Boardman, O., Mr. and Mrs. T. Feine, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Whalen, Harry W. Evans, and Miss Rachel Jones, all of this city; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Hyde, of Portville, N. Y., father of the deceased, and one brother, Barney A. Hyde, of Friendship, N. Y., and many other people.

Tuesday morning three deaf pall bearers who acted were Messrs. Feine, Evans, and Whalen, and three others, two brothers of Paul, and one Undertaker Shriver, and then the remains were conveyed to Sharpville, Pa., for interment, by hearse, while they took a trolley to that place. About noon many friends of the deceased were allowed to see her face before she was buried.

Deceased was aged forty-two years. She was born on December 17th, 1862, at Bellrun, McKean County, Pa., where, with her parents, she enjoyed passing the earlier period of her country life. She and her husband were former pupils of the old Broad and Pine Streets Institution for the Deaf, Philadelphia, Pa., and she had to leave school in the spring of 1882, owing to her poor health. During the fifth scholastic year, she was once very sick with abscess in the right side.

On July 15, 1885, she was married to Paul S. Morley, at Bellrun, Pa. After a year or so, they commenced to keep house at Sharpville, Pa., his old home, where they had resided for several years past, and at the same time he worked at printing in Sharm, Pa., a few miles south of Sharpville. Their first two girls

were born, and afterwards they died at different times.

Then they moved, in the spring of 1891, to Youngstown, O., where Mr. Morley got a position as compositor, and worked frequently as a substitute on both morning and night papers till he got out of employment on account of the introduction of linotypes. In 1897 or 1898 he began to learn the trade of carpenter, and has since worked at that trade.

She had been a member of the Women's Union Labor League for the past year or more. She leaves to mourn her loss her husband and two children, Frank and James. She is also survived by her father and one brother.

Deceased was of good and noble character, led an active and industrious life as a neat housekeeper, loved to take good care of her dear children, always worked hard, and was generally liked and highly esteemed by those who knew her well.

Her death is a sad bereavement in which her husband and children have the loving sympathy and condolence of every one.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Dec. 9, 1904.

The Printer's Mistake.

None but the initiated know the accuracy required in a printing office. The average reader who detects a mis-spelled word or a letter upside down, feels that his work on earth is not accomplished until he has called the attention of the over-worked editor to the glaring defect. He does not notice the thousands and tens of thousands of letters that are in place or the multitude of words correctly spelled, but his eagle eye is glued on the one that is out of place. So it is with our deeds. Man does a thousand good deeds and no attention is paid to them, but if he makes one mistake it is flashed all over the world. A lifetime may be spent in building up a reputation that may be wrecked in a moment. The world is a harsh critic, exact, exacting to a fault.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

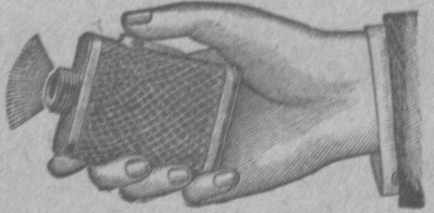
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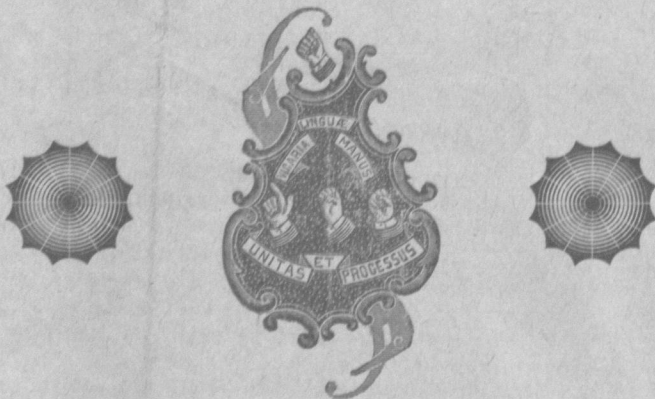
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On account of the demand being greater than the supply, the price of the Institution picture has been raised to \$3.00 per copy, mailing 10 cents extra. A deposit of 50 cents sent at once to Mr. Elwell will secure you a copy until January 1st, 1904.

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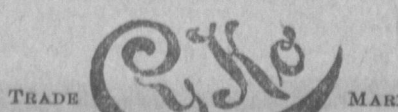
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The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

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